

Why how shall I requite you?
Can you cate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you seruice.
Tim. Yare honest men,
Yhaue heard that I haue Gold,
I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.
Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most liuely.
Pain. So, so, my Lord.
Tim. Ene so fir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swels with stuffe so fine and smooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much paines to mend.
Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.
Tim. You'l take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.
Timon. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.
Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,
Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-up Villaine.
Pain. I know none such, my Lord.
Pain. Nor I.
Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.
Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man apart, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepe him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues:
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
Out Rascal dogges.

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon*:
For he is set so onely to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. Sen. Bring vs to his Cauer.
It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with *Timon*.

2. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chanc'd it as it may.

Stew. Heere is his Cauer:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cauer.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

1. Worthy Timon.
Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.

1. The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon.

Tim. I thank them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1. O forget
What we are sorry for our selues in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best vse and wearing.

2. They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
Play there-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timon*'s ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon*,
And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1. Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with Authority: so soone we shall drue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too sauege, doth root vp
His Countries peace.

2. And shakes his threatening Sword
Against the walle of *Athens*.

1. Therefore Timon.
Tim. Well fir, I will: therefore I will fir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he sacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by th' Beards,
Giuing our lioly Virgins to the staine
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speakes it,

In pittie of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not,
While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whistle, in th' veruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, be'ore
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.
Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seene to morrow: My long sicknesse
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, lye still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

1. We speake in vaine.
Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common whacke,
As common brute doth put it.

1. That's well spoke.
Tim. Commend me to my louing Countrey-men.
1. These words become your lippes as they passe thro-
row them.

2. And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gares.
Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1. I like this well, he will returne againe.
Tim. I haue a Tree which growes here in my Close,
That mine owne vse inuities me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you shall
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his euertlasting Mansion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1. His discontentes are vnremoueably coupled to Na-
ture.
2. Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other means is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.

1. It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

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